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JAMES LEE.



THE edicts of heredity are as inviolable as any other natural laws. One born with a disposition to rectitude will generally lean to virtue even if environed by the temptations of vicious example, while another, innately influenced by a sinister bias, will often fall into vice over the props and barriers of education and religious teaching. And so, for the origin of a noble manhood, one naturally inclining to charity, honesty, courage, and general virile grandeur, we look back to parental sources for the springs of these virtues. The high qualities which embellish the character of a good man may be developed through the influences of education and the church, but generally we cannot expect a child born of criminal parents to grow into the excellencies of character which distinguish the good any more than we would look for a Rarus from an ordinary strain of horses or an Astrakhan apple from a wild apple tree.

In the integrity of his parents no less than in their moral example and instruction we find the mainspring of the honorable character and career of James Lee.

His father, William Lee, was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1809, and his mother in Edinburg the following year, both

of immemorial Scottish moral hereditaments. When a boy, after acquiring a fair education, which Scotch law and usage, above every other division of the British kingdom, provides and insists upon, his father, to learn the trade of a book-binder, was apprenticed for seven years by bonded indenture to Fisher & Brothers, an extensive publishing firm of his native city, who have also since established a branch of their house in New York City.

Seven years is a long time for a boy of fourteen to surrender his liberty, and we may well suppose that, after reading the story of Robinson Crusoe, or seeing the white sails of the ships in the harbor of Glasgow outward bound for blue water, and hearing the hoarse but melodious voices of the sailors slowly singing the refrain:

“A handy ship and a handy crew,”

he sometimes tired of the monotony of folding and stitching, paper ruling and pressing, and longed to partake of that freedom which he knew to be over the sea, for some of his brothers, he being the youngest, ere this had become hardy and adventurous sailors.

Having faithfully served his apprenticeship to the end, he bent his steps toward the world's metropolis, London, where he soon found employment at his trade. Here in St. Margaret's Chapel, an appendage of Westminster Abbey, he was married to Miss Jean Murray, November 28, 1830, by the Rev. I. T. Connel, of the Church of England, the Church of his faith. Here, also, his daughter and four sons were born and here too his wife died, and was buried from the same church she had been married in, to be followed soon by the youngest son, Robert, who was buried beside his mother.

In 1845, dissatisfied with the circumscribed sphere in which as a working man he was confined, and yearning for the opportunities afforded by republican liberty in America, sentiments which were fostered by a political organization to which he was attached, he determined to seek his fortune in the New World, and with his four children, sailed in the ship Prince

Albert from London for New York, arriving safely in the latter place after a voyage of thirty days.

In July of the same year he started for the West by the Erie Canal and the lakes, going to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where he remained till the spring of 1848, when he removed to St. Louis, Missouri. In St. Louis he was employed as foreman in the book-bindery of James Hogan till 1851.

In 1851 Iowa City was the capital of the young state of Iowa, and the firm of Palmer & Paul were the proprietors of the *Iowa Capitol Reporter* (the embryo of the *State Press* of to-day) a weekly newspaper, the leading organ in the State of the Democratic party, and, as its name implied, published at the capital. This firm, composed of Major Garrett Palmer, who quite recently died at Winterset, Iowa, and the Hon. George Paul, the present postmaster at Iowa City, were at this time the State Printers and Binders. They were adepts in the art of printing, but had no practical knowledge of binding, and there being then but one bindery in all Iowa, and that of but limited capacity, they were compelled to resort to the slow, expensive and unsatisfactory method of sending this class of work to St. Louis to be done. At that time St. Louis held the same relation to Iowa that a mother's apron-string does to a child. If anything was lacking here Iowa caught on to St. Louis. So Mr. Paul turned thither in search of a competent book-binder, who might be induced to remove to Iowa, and here bind the Legislative Journals and Acts, and the Code, seven thousand copies of the latter having been ordered by the General Assembly. His inquiries brought him to Mr. Lee, with whom Mr. Paul returned to Iowa City.

Here Mr. Lee was enabled to realize his long cherished ambition to establish a book store, which he did in about a year after coming to Iowa, in connection with the State binding. The work turned out of his bindery, under the contract of Palmer & Paul, was most satisfactory, so much so that the Iowa Code of 1851 is referred to to this day as the most durable specimen of book-binding ever done in the State. He

prospered abundantly. His book store was the only one in Iowa City till 1862, and having passed from father to son, and from son to sister, still flourishes under the management of Lee & Ries as "The Pioneer Book Store."

Mr. Lee died April 23, 1871, at the age of sixty-two. On feeling that the hand of death was upon him, he summoned his children and his old-time friend, Mr. Paul, to his bedside, and verbally communicated to them his wishes as to the disposition of the independent fortune he had secured, discarding the form of a written will. He also laid upon his children wholesome injunctions, one of which was to decline the proffer of any public office. He prohibited the least ostentation at his funeral and forbade any inscription on his tomb. He was so averse to anything which might seem the result of vanity that he would never sit for a picture. His character for probity, benevolence and scrupulous business exactness was of the highest. He was very attentive to his patrons, and could not tolerate any negligence toward them on the part of his employes. In the latter years of his life the delicacy of his health prevented him from performing the duties of a salesman, but he usually sat in the rear part of his store, where he received and entertained his friends in social converse, and if a customer seemed to be unnoticed his quick eye immediately detected it, and he gave expression to a resonant sound as if clearing his throat, which immediately brought every clerk to his feet.

James Lee, the particular subject of this sketch, with such a father as has been outlined in the foregoing, could hardly fail to fill an honorable career in whatever he might have engaged in. He was born May 4th, 1839, in the city of London. One of the three million of that seething metropolis, where no lull or hush ever comes to the strife and roar of commerce and business, the chance would seem to have been small for him to have secured so much distinction in a short life of less than fifty years as to entitle him to a place in the pages of even so modest a history as this. But, like Hermes,

before he was well out of his cradle clothes he began to make provision for himself, and to lay the foundation of that character for honorable endeavor and rectitude of purpose which he inherited through his parents from a long line of Scotch ancestry. When only eleven years old he began to earn his own living in the office of the *St. Louis Republican*, where he worked one year before coming to Iowa with his father, acquiring the rudiments of the printer's art. On coming to Iowa he resumed this occupation, entering the office of the *Iowa Capitol Reporter* in the autumn of 1851, and leaving it, after having mastered the business, in 1859, to accompany his brother William on his intended journey to Pike's Peak. But after penetrating the wilderness of Nebraska, then infested with hostile Indians, forty miles beyond Omaha they met the return tide of disappointed emigrants with such bad news that they reversed their course and returned home. The next year, with Gaelic perseverance, he desired to undertake the expedition again, but his father, dissenting he dutifully yielded his wishes. And this filial reverence for parental desire was common to the whole family. His sister Margaret, in deference to her father's opinion, suppressed the tenderest sensibilities of a woman's heart. Mr. Lee was in everything a self-sacrificing person, wont to take a cheerful view of everything. "Take people as they are, not as you wish them to be," was an every-day saying of his.

A very beautiful association, founded on friendship, mutual confidence and a community of taste, which lasted for many years, and until interrupted by death, was formed between Mr. Lee, Mr. Charles G. Reiff and Mr. George P. Plumly, who died a short time before Mr. Lee. These three for many years were inseparable. Their meetings were daily, and their expeditions by field and flood many. Mr. Reiff, as the senior, soon came to be looked upon as the mentor of the party, and as such was humorously styled "Dad." If a project of doubtful propriety were broached, the question as to what "Dad" would say at once arose. If it were likely to meet with his

approval it was adopted, if not it was rejected. And if, without due consideration, some enterprise had been engaged in sure to be condemned by their chief, the word was passed, "Don't tell Dad."

The Riverside Boat Club, which planned and arranged for their friends many delightful encampments and aquatic excursions from their boat-house at Butler's Landing on the east bank of the Iowa, two miles above Iowa City, drew much of its inspiration and social charm from these three bachelors, Mr. Reiff acting as caterer and generally preceding the others by a day or two to make full preparation. The other original members of the Riverside Boat Club were John P. Irish, Green Choate,* M. W. Davis, S. J. Hess, H. O. Hutchison* and Ed. Clinton.*

His fondness for field sports sometimes took him beyond the camping grounds of the boat house club. The beautiful lake region of our state occasionally attracted him there with other huntsmen. Six years ago, with Mr. George W. Koontz and others, he visited Pelican Lake in Palo Alto County, where the blue-bills and other game were very plenty and the neighboring country not yet sufficiently settled or cultivated to obliterate the charms of its wild and native scenery, and where he could indulge his passion for hunting, fishing and camping out.

Mr. Lee visited Colorado several times during the fifteen years preceding his death, formerly on business, latterly in quest of health. The "stone of destiny" venerated by the ancient Caledonians on account of its having been used by the old Scottish kings and queens to stand upon during the ceremony of their coronation, which in the superstition of the times was regarded as the sure guaranty of fortune to its possessors, and which is now preserved as a relic in Westminster Abbey, near which Mr. Lee was born and lived as a child, would seem, to prolong the superstition to the present, to

*Deceased.

have imparted to him some of the good fortune which it was supposed to have the magic power to confer.

Cinnidh Scuit saor am fine,
Mar breug am faistine:
Fur am faighear un lia-fail,
Dlighe flaitheas do ghabhail.

The race of free Scots shall abound,
If this prediction do not fail,
Where e'er the stone of destiny 's found,
By Heaven's right they shall prevail.

Or, more literally, "the race of the free Scots shall flourish, if this prediction is not false; wherever the stone of destiny is found, they shall prevail by the right of Heaven."

At any rate, his trips to Colorado, probably more by wise selection and judicious investment than by simple good fortune, crowned him with golden affluence, and, with other accumulations, enabled him to leave a fortune which moderate computation puts high in the thousands.

It has been mentioned that Mr. Lee's father advised his sons against accepting public office, which was really an unnecessary precept, as they have all been averse to holding public trusts. Nevertheless they have all literally had offices thrust upon them, and in this way Mr. Lee held the office of trustee in the City Council of Iowa City for the term of two years, beginning March, 1873, and that of a member of the Board of Supervisors of Johnson County for the term of three years, beginning January 1877, in both of which positions his services were characterized by the same business prudence that marked the conduct of his own private affairs.

After his father's death Mr. Lee continued his residence at the family home in Iowa City, with his only sister, Margaret, for whom he had a sincere fraternal affection which was warmly reciprocated. Their's was a quiet hospitable home, with an ample board and a gracious welcome for all who came, and serenity and content seemed there permanently established. But illness and decline gradually came to Mr. Lee, and after a year-and-a-half of ill health, upon partially

recovering his strength, in May of last year, accompanied by his devoted sister, he sought for a more complete restoration in the mountain breeze of Colorado, which before had given him health and fortune, and in the society of his two brothers and their families. The change brought amendment. Steady improvement inspired hope, and new plans were being formed for further travel, when death came to him suddenly at the home of his brother Henry in Denver on May 8th.

His remains were brought by his sister and brothers to Iowa City, where on the 22d they were deposited beside his father's in Oakview Cemetery, followed there by a large concourse of friends.

A special meeting of the Board of Curators of the State Historical Society was held on the receipt of the news of Mr. Lee's death, at which the board adopted the following.

WHEREAS, James Lee, a member of this society for twenty years and for seventeen years a member of this board has been removed from among us:

Resolved, That in his death this society loses an active and valuable member, the community a citizen who by a life of integrity and a high-toned honorable business career has retained the character established by his father half a century ago. The two, father and son, have made the name of Lee honored ever since the settlement of this portion of the state.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the members of his family and furnished the press for publication.

Resolved, That the members of this society attend the funeral in a body.

Never having been married the immediate relatives left by Mr. Lee are his sister Margaret, who resides at the old homestead in Iowa City, his elder brother William, who married Miss Mary Jane McBride and has four children, and who resides on his farm near Denver, Colorado, where he settled in 1859, before the organization of Colorado as a territory, and where he was elected and served as a member of the convention, which in 1875-6 framed the constitution of the centennial state; and his younger brother, Henry, who married Miss Jennie, the daughter of Hon. George Paul, and has three children. This brother is a prominent merchant of the city of Denver, which has been his home since the early settle-

ment of Colorado in 1865, and where he has been elected to the lower branch of the Legislature twice and to the Senate once.

The predominant elements of Mr. Lee's character were derived from his Scotch extraction. He wore not the bonnet nor the breacan, nor did he retain the Scotch accentuation. But the Gælic traits of benevolence, personal independence and obstinate friendship were his. The continuity of his friendship was above all a distinguishing feature of the man, and was well shown in the loyalty of his interest in an acquaintance, at one time prosperous but afterwards indigent, whom he cared for in his long poverty and sickness, supplying all his wants, and finally defraying his funeral expenses, the chief claim of the recipient of his bounty being that he was a fellow-countryman.

WHO TAUGHT "THE FIRST SCHOOL IN IOWA, AND WHEN AND WHERE?"

BY T. S. PARVIN.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy God's,
and *truths*."—*Shakespeare*.

"Truth is brought to light by time."—*Tacitus*.

Magna est veritas et prevalebit.



SOME seven, and five, and three years ago we wrote and published articles under the same or a similar heading to that which forms the *query* we have again essayed to answer.

In each and all of those essays we told the "the truth, and nothing but the truth;" but upon neither of the occasions did we "tell the whole truth;" because we did not, as too many do who scribble for the press upon such themes, profess to "know it all." We have essayed to again "speak in public"

and take for our following the same text. And we can truthfully say with the immortal few, that our aim is to glorify our state, "render honor to whom honor is due," and to vindicate the truth, "only this and nothing more." The time which has elapsed since we wrote our first and last paper upon this topic has "brought to light" new truths and "more light." And it may be that our contributions shall afford some *data* for the historian who shall undertake the task of writing the "History of Education in Iowa."

We propose to follow this paper with one upon the "Early School Legislation in Iowa," the necessity for which may be found and made apparent by the following extract which we clipped from one of the many papers in Iowa which gave it a place in their columns.

THE FOUNDER OF THE IOWA SCHOOL SYSTEM.

It is probably not generally known that Hon. Horace Mann, the educator of Massachusetts, was *the founder of the Iowa public school system*, and which has made it one of the foremost states in the Union. When he was president of Antioch College he was selected by *a committee of the legislature* to prepare a law embodying his ideas of a public school system, which he did, providing for the township as the unit in school administration, teachers' institutes, county superintendents and normal schools for teachers. Although his law was far in advance of the public sentiment of that day, and the legislature did not adopt it entire, they did adopt the fundamental principle of it and have since been adding to the structure according to Mr. Mann's idea, as public sentiment would warrant. It was the earnest desire of that great educator to see his plans carried out in Iowa.

There are several fundamental errors in this statement, which some over-zealous friend has set afloat to belittle the state and defraud others as far back as the date of the organization of the territory in 1838 of the honor their due. President Mann was *not* "the founder of the Iowa public school system," nor was "he selected by a committee of the legislature to prepare a law," etc., as we will prove in a subsequent article. More than this, Iowa had established a State "Normal School" in 1849; held "Teachers Institutes" in 1849, and the "Township System" had been recommended as early as 1838 and often later. Mr. Mann's report was not presented

till December, 1856, reminding us of the fable of the "wolf and the lamb."

Again the necessity of a thorough research into the history of "Early Education in Iowa" is made apparent from the fact that no less than three *living* persons claim the honor of being "the first teacher of the first school in Iowa." It is a historical fact that seven cities of the ancient world put in a claim to the honor of having been the birth place of Homer the greatest poet of all time and the sweet singer of Greece. Why, therefore, following so illustrious a precedent, should not a citizen of Iowa, of Illinois, and of distant Oregon put in their claim and contest for the honor in view.

In an autobiographical sketch of one of our "old settlers," published in 1883, the author claims that "he (we will not name him, because of the gross absurdity of his claims,) was the first teacher of the first school in Iowa." The absurdity not to say folly of his claim is presented by himself in a further paragraph, where he adds that "he opened his school in Burlington, the first Monday in November, 1838." All readers of Iowa history know the Territory of Iowa was separated from Wisconsin and organized July 1838, and Wisconsin and Iowa separated from Michigan Territory, when it became a state in June 1836 and that both were "attached for judicial purposes to Michigan in April 1834. There was therefore an organized government for Iowa from 1834 to 1838 and until it became a state in 1846. The population of Iowa in 1836 was 10,531 and in 1838, 22,859 among whom there were, as any one might know, some children of a school age. At the date of our admission into the Union (1846) the population was 102,388. And in 1856 when Hon. Horace Mann presented his "revision and improvement of school laws of Iowa," and not a new "public school system," the population was 517,875. It is hardly presumable even by a gullible person that half a million people mostly emigrants from the New England and Eastern States had lived and prospered for twenty years without a "public school system."

So too must every one know, as the old settler aforesaid ought to have known, that the people of either ten or twenty thousand had not suffered their children to run wild without the benefit of schools for a period of either two or four years as his statement asserts.

In our first paper we were unable from the data at our command to trace a school back of and prior to the spring of 1834, taught in Dubuque in a building (of which more anon) erected in 1833 for "the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church," but when not occupied for divine service might "be used for a common school,"—as it was the following year.

The publication of that paper brought forth new claimants and "further light" upon the subject of our "Early Schools and School Teachers." In 1866 the *Burlington Gazette* put forth the claim of I. K. Robinson of Mendota, as the first to teach a school in Iowa, in the winter of 1830–31 in Lee County. Before the date of the *Gazette* article, December 1886, we had secured evidence that Mr. Berryman Jennings (published in the Minutes of the Old Settlers Association of Lee County, as Benjamin Jennings) had also taught school in Lee County in 1830. It may prove a matter of interest as illustrating the course pursued and the difficulties in the way, obstructing our earlier efforts to get at the facts and elicit the truth we sought, to present some of these mountains which we later reduced to mole-hills. We accidentally fell in with a paragraph stating that one *Benjamin* Jennings had taught school in Lee County as early as 1830. But an extended correspondence with the early settlers failed to inform us who he was, or if living where he resided. As a Mason and custodian of the large Masonic Library of the Grand Lodge of Iowa, we had long known that Berryman Jennings was the first Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Oregon, organized in 1851. After some correspondence with the officials of that jurisdiction we learned that Berryman Jennings quite old and very feeble resided at Oregon City, an old but small town on the Willamette river, and some ten or fifteen

miles above Portland (also on the same river—and not the Columbia as most people supposed). We accordingly addressed him a letter, and another when after some months we received from him a long and interesting letter, in his own hand. This letter is so full of important facts and promising great interest to the new as well as old settlers that we transcribe it for preservation in a durable form (the original is in the autograph collection we gave the Grand Lodge in June last).

OREGON CITY, November 28, 1884.

T. S. PARVIN, P. G. M., Iowa City, Iowa.

Dear Sir and Brother:—Your letter of January 7th asking whether Berryman, rather than Benjamin Jennings, taught school in Lee County, Iowa, in 1830, was received. I could not use the pen then, nor can I now, but will try with a pencil to reply. I was residing on the Half Breed Tract, now part of Lee County in 1830. Dr. Garland (We knew him well—the name is incorrectly spelled; it is Galland—his son Washington is now, 1888, living, and the earliest settler in Iowa at Montrose, Lee County,) an eminent physician and citizen lived six miles above the present site of Keokuk on the Mississippi river, near where resided several American citizens who had children of a school age. The doctor prevailed upon me to teach a three month's school. Dr. Garland furnished room, fuel, furniture, and board in his family. While teaching he gave me the use of his medical books (with which he was well supplied) to read. And after school I continued to read then till mid-summer of 1831, when I was taken sick. Convalescing, I returned to my father in Warren County, Ill. [It will be borne in mind that young Robinson, whose parents also resided in Illinois, did the same thing, removed to his father's home when school was out.]

This school room was, as all other buildings in that new country, a log cabin built of round logs or poles notched close, and mudded for comfort. Logs cut out for doors and windows, and also fire-places. The jamb-back of the fire-places was of packed dry dirt, the chimney topped out with sticks and mud. The cabin, like all others of that day, was covered with clapboards, weighted down with cross poles. This was to economize time and nails, which were scarce and far between. There were no stoves in those days and the fire-place was used for cooking as well as comfort. You mention Capt. Campbell, who went with his father to Iowa in 1830. I remember an Isaac R. Campbell, who went from near Nauvoo, Ill., to Iowa in 1830. I can hardly realize that the lad Campbell (a son of the former) whom I then knew and who would now be sixty years old, is still a resident there. I would like to relate many incidents of the early settlement of that county, but fear I might make mistakes, as some others have done.

Dr. Ross, whom I knew well, made some mistakes. [He refers to his address read at the semi-centennial celebration of the settlement of Iowa, at Burlington in 1883. Dr. Ross, whom we also knew well, was the first post-

master in Iowa, at Burlington in 1834, and also furnished a room in his house for the first school in Burlington in 1834, taught by Zadoc C. Ingraham, who died in Missouri the past winter. His son, Mr. I., is now a citizen of Burlington. Dr. Ross died at Lovilia, Iowa, also this last winter.] Capt. Campbell's mistake in my name is easily accounted for. I usually sign my name "B." I do not remember the names of the pupils of my school [Bro. J. is quite old, over eighty years and quite feeble] or of my patrons, but I do remember that I taught school in Iowa in 1830, and that it was the first school taught north of Missouri and west of the Mississippi river—a very large school district extending to Canada on the north and the Pacific ocean on the west, where there are now some thirteen or more states and territories. What a growth in fifty-five years! About thirty years ago I met Dr. Garland in Sacramento, Cal., tottering with old age. Some say he was buried near Sacramento, with no stone to mark his grave, others that he died at Ft. Madison. I don't know. [We do, he died at Ft. Madison in 1858, where he had first located in 1828.] Thus one after another of the old settlers pass away and are soon forgotten, [a sad truth, for they builded wiser than they knew," and the present generation of citizens are enjoying the fruit of their toil and labor to build a state.]

Your *Annals* [I had sent him the periodical published by the State Historical Society] of Iowa will perpetuate the names and services of some of them for the benefit of future historians.

With fraternal regards, etc.

BERRYMAN JENNINGS.

This letter, around which clusters so much of interest to old settlers and those seeking to unravel the mysteries connected with the early history of our state and especially its educational history, failed to give the *date* (save the year) in which he taught that "first school." It was at that time (1884) however deemed conclusive and so we stated in our second paper in 1886. The *Gazette's* claim of priority later in that year reopened the question, when having obtained the address of Mr. Robinson, in whose behalf the *Gazette* put forth the claim, we addressed him a letter of inquiry as to *the month* in the year 1830, he had taught his school. To that letter he promptly and courteously replied as follows:

MENDOTA, ILL., January 20, 1887.

T. S. PARVIN, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Dear Sir and Brother:—In answer to your letter of inquiry of the 17th inst., about "the early schools in Iowa," I answer, I commenced teaching a school December 1st, 1830, in the employment of a Mr. Stillwell, who was then the owner of a warehouse and wood yard at the present site of Keokuk, Iowa. His only child large enough attended the school. A brother of Mrs.

Stillwell, whose christian name I have forgotten, but whose surname was Vanausdal, Seth Wagoner and his brother of "Wagoner's Run," Hancock County, Ill., one or two children of Mr. Brierly, a sister of Mrs. Forsythe, a Chippewa Indian girl and I think a son of Dr. Muir were as I remember, members of my school. It is possible that Capt. Campbell, of Fort Madison, can furnish you the address of Mrs Stillwell and her brother Vanausdal as they were living in the summer of 1884. The school was conducted until some time in the spring of 1831. The winter was one of remarkable severity and noted for the great amount of snow falling at one time, being over two feet in depth. If there were any schools in Iowa previous to this one, I do not know where or by whom taught. Battese, a full-blooded Indian boy, and adopted by Mr. Blondeau in his family, informed me that he had went to school and learned the letters and could spell words of one syllable but that he got flogged every time he went to recite his lessons. He was probably attending the same school with Mr. Blondeau's daughters at St. Charles or Portage de Sioux, Mo.

Yours respectfully,

I. K. ROBINSON.

In his subsequent letters he supplies two omissions, and gives the name of Mr. Seth Wagoner's brother as "Christian" and Mr. Vanausdal's Christian name as "Valentine."

One of Mr. Brierly's sons, a pupil of Mr. Robinson, is also living in this state. His father, James, was one of the representatives from Lee County in the legislature which met at Burlington (the first) November 1838.

This letter of Mr. Robinson disproves the criticism of the papers alluded to above, that "there were no settlers in Iowa in 1830, and that "Mr. R. taught school in Iowa in the winter of 1829-30."

This letter so courteously written in response to our request establishes the fact that "a school was kept" at the *landing*, the present site of Keokuk, Lee County, as early as December 1st, 1830, and was taught by Mr. I. K. Robinson, then a young man, now an octogenarian residing at Mendota, Ill.

A word explanatory of the fact disputed by the *State Register* when we published our third article that there were *children* in Iowa at so early a period as 1830. We have seen that Iowa, first called the "Iowa District of Wisconsin," west of the Mississippi river, was first organized into a government as an attachment to the Territory of Michigan, but only for

“judicial purposes” to throw the ægis of the law over the miners of the “lead mines” in the vicinity of Dubuque. There are yet a few of those early miners residing there, who commenced mining “under difficulties” as early as General Jackson’s election in 1828. The difficulties were that before the Blackhawk War of 1832 and the capture of that grand chieftain, the strip of country along the Mississippi river ceded in 1832 was not to be opened to settlement till the spring of 1833, and the settlers (squatters) were often removed (transported across the river) by the U. S. troops, stationed at Fort Crawford, Prairie du Chien, under command of Captain, afterward General and President Taylor and his lieutenant, afterward the famous Jeff. Davis.

But prior to this in the year 1824, the Indians, Sacs and Foxes, in a treaty ceding a portion of their lands in Missouri and Illinois, ceded to half-breeds of their tribe the celebrated “half-breed tract,” comprising a large portion of the county of Lee, on the Des Moines Rapids.

Later the “New York Company” purchased of a portion of those half-breeds their share (for they held it in common), and sent parties out to reside upon and hold it. Many of those persons were heads of families and had children, and at that early day established schools (we purposely use the plural) on the tract.

The priority of claim was still in doubt upon receipt of this interesting and valuable letter of Mr. Jennings giving particularly *the month* of the year in which he taught that so-called first school. We addressed the same query to Captain James W. Campbell, then and now one of the leading business men of Ft. Madison, Lee County, where he has resided for almost sixty years. Mr. Campbell was one of Mr. Jennings’ pupils, whereupon his testimony becomes conclusive of the fact to which he testifies. As these letters are historical evidences of an essential fact elucidating the early history of education in Iowa, we present them to our readers in this form for preservation for the use of the future historian of

Iowa. That from Mr. Jennings was written by his daughter and is as follows:

OREGON CITY, February 14, 1887.

T. S. PARVIN,

Dear Sir:—Your favor of the 24th was received some days ago when my father was laboring under a severe illness. He is recovering, but unable to attend to his correspondence, and I hasten to reply for him. He does not remember the exact month, it is so long ago, but it was in the fall of 1830 that he commenced his school and closed that year in December, as near as he can recollect. Father left Iowa and came here (Oregon) in the year 1847. [Here follows some data furnished for a sketch of his life we will present in our Masonic annals should we survive our aged brother.]

Yours respectfully,

LILLIAN M. JENNINGS.

The following is the letter from Capt. Campbell who not only fully corroborates the statement of Mr. Jennings but is more full and minute.

FT. MADISON, March 20th, 1887.

I have delayed answering your question relative to the authenticity of the facts stated as to the first school taught in Iowa. I now have information which is unquestionable, and communicate to you the following facts:

Berryman Jennings was the first to teach a regular school in Iowa, which he did at what is now Nashville, Lee County, Iowa, in October, 1830. This locality was then known as Ahwipetuc on the Half-breed Reservation. The first school taught at Pucke-she-tuc, now Keokuk, was taught by Jere Creighton in the winter of 1832-33. He was a shoe-maker by occupation and about sixty years of age then, and came from New Orleans, La. The attendants at Creighton's school at Keokuk were Valincourt Vanorsdal, Valincourt Stillwell, Margaret Stillwell, Forsythe Morgan, John Rigg, alias Keokuk John, George Crawford, Henry C. Bartlett, Mary Bartlett, Mary Muir, Sophia Muir, Michael Forsythe, Eliza J. Anderson and the writer, J. W. Campbell.

In regard to the claim of Mr. I. K. Robinson's friend that he taught the first school in Iowa, there is some mistake. He, or his friend for him claim that Valincourt Vanorsdal and the Muir children attended his school. I have a letter now from Vanorsdal stating the contrary. Now I have in my possession Dr. Muir's books, which show that he was a practicing physician at Gale-na, Ill., and did not remove to Iowa (Keokuk) till the autumn of 1830, a short time before Berryman Jennings opened his school at Ah-wi-pe-tuc. And further, I have in my possession Mr. I. K. Robinson's receipt, signed by Chauncey Robinson, for school services at Commerce (then 1830) now Nauvoo, at which school I attended August 5th, 1830, on the hill in the Gouch school house, about three hundred feet east of where the Mormon Temple was in after years built. Mr. Robinson is in error in his statement that Francis Labersure was one of his scholars. He was not less than twenty-six years old at that time, and was far advanced in educational accomplishments over Mr. Robinson or

any one else at Keokuk at that date. He was educated at a Jesuit school at Portage de Sioux under the supervision of the Chouteaus, and was their interpreter for the American Fur Company at that time. Mr. R. claims he was an attendant at his school taught in 1830-1831. [This Indian or Half-breed, called by Mr. Campbell, Labersure, must be the same person that Mr. Robinson calls in his letter, Battese.]

I think it superfluous to add more in refutation of the claim of Mr. Robinson being the first school teacher in Iowa. That honor belongs to Berryman Jennings, of Oregon, and his pupils now living, Capt. Washington Galland, at Montrose, Lee County, Tolliver Dedman, and myself assert these facts.

Yours truly,

J. W. CAMPBELL.

Not having the address of Mr. Dedman, and having personally known Capt. Galland for nearly fifty years, we addressed him and give his reply in corroboration of Capt. Campbell's statement.

Not that any further evidence is needed, though it makes "assurance doubly sure," but as containing additional facts bearing upon that very early period in our history we append the letter addressed us upon the same and other subjects by Capt. Washington Galland now as at that early date a citizen of Lee County. We are certain we need offer no apology for the insertion of these letters in full rather than present extracts therefrom.

Capt. Galland writes:

MONTROSE, IOWA, April 16th, 1887.

PROF. T. S. PARVIN, Cedar Rapids:

Dear Sir and Brother:—Replying to your favor of the 9th in regard to the school taught by Berryman Jennings, now a P. G. M. of Oregon, I would say from my best recollection and limited data at my command, that the time must have been the fall and winter of 1830, and the place Ah-wi-pe-tuck (the Indian name), afterwards "Brierly's Point," then Nashville, and now changed by order of the Board of Supervisors of Lee County, to the town of Galland, that being the name of the post-office.

The "settlers" resident with families then were, as far as I can now remember, Dr. Isaac Galland (my father), Isaac R. Campbell (father of Capt. J. W. Campbell), James and Samuel Brierly—Samuel afterwards married Sophia, a daughter of Dr. Galland—W. P. Smith, Col. — Dedman (father to Tolliver, referred in Capt. C.'s letter), and Abel Galland. My father's brother lived with his family in a cabin some distance back from the river and on the hill. Among those without families was Berryman Jennings, our school teacher.

Among the young people who were his pupils I can only remember the following names: James W. Campbell, Tolliver Dedman, James Dedman,

David Galland, Thomas Brierly, Eliza Galland, and I think, but am not sure, George W. Kinney, then a lad of fifteen or sixteen years of age (a brother of my mother), and myself.

With sincere and fraternal regards,

WASHINGTON GALLAND.

The testimony here produced and from living witnesses and all of them parties either teachers or pupils of the first two schools taught in Iowa conclusively establishes the following facts:

1st. That Berryman Jennings, now of Oregon City, Oregon, taught a and the *first* school in Iowa, in Lee County, near the present site of Nashville on the Des Moines Rapids, October to December inclusive, 1830.

That three of the pupils of the school yet reside in Iowa (two of whom testify to these things), viz.: Capt. J. W. Campbell, of Fort Madison, and Washington Galland, of Montrose, Iowa, and Tolliver Dedman.

2d. That I. K. Robinson, of Mendota, Ill., taught in the same county and where Keokuk now is in December, 1830, January and February, 1831.

That two, if not three, of his pupils are still living in Iowa Thos. Brierly and Valincourt Vanorsdal and Mr. Seth Wagoner, in Illinois.

3d. That the claim of the third claimant for these first honors that "he was the first teacher of the first school in Iowa," is not true, as he himself says in his autobiography that "on the first Monday (fifth day) of November, 1838, he opened the first common school in Iowa." It must have been very *common* indeed even for that early period, as he did not seem to know that a dozen "common schools" had been "opened in Iowa," before he came to Burlington, Iowa, the 5th day of May, 1838.

The facts are interesting to know that schools were taught in Iowa four years before our connection with Michigan, six earlier than our union with Wisconsin and eight before Iowa had an independent organization. It is also worthy of note that amid the mutations of time pupils now honored citizens

of our State still survive in our midst. And that those venerable teachers still live (at this date, 1888), though past four-score years of age, honored and respected in the countries where they reside and have lived for so many years.

Within a year we have personally met two or three of those old pioneers, Captains Campbell and Galland, whom we have known for half a life-time and found them hale and hearty and full of reminiscences of early times.

Within a month the "Iowa Masonic Library" at Cedar Rapids has been presented by Louis A. Gerolamy, artist Chicago, with a fine large crayon portrait, nicely framed, of Past Grand Master Jennings, whose claim to the honor of having taught "the first school in Iowa," is fully established. Such a portrait should grace the walls, also, of the Department of Education at Des Moines—and were it not that "the school-master is abroad," and but little interest, seemingly, felt in matters of "ye olden times," the fathers of our educational system would be more highly honored, and such honors no longer bestowed solely upon those—as shown in one of our extracts—who come in as laborers at the eleventh hour.

CO-OPERATIVE CHRISTIANITY.



ON November 25th last, the Rev. Wm. Salter, D. D., in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the original formation of the Congregational Church in Burlington, of which he has for many years been the pastor, preached a memorial sermon to his congregation, which has been published in a pamphlet with the above title, from which we make bold to take some extracts, on account of the local historical and personal references they contain, which will be found as follows:

* * *

"We commemorate to-day a work * * that was commenced in this city fifty years ago, on a similar last Sunday

in the month of November, 1838, then as now the 25th day of the month.

The scene is changed. Burlington was then a frontier town. Fifty miles west was the Indian line. This was the Black Hawk Purchase, which had come into the possession of the United States on the first day of June, 1833. It had been attached to the territory of Michigan for two years, 1834-6; it had constituted a part of the original Territory of Wisconsin for two years, 1836-8; it was then the Territory of Iowa, which had been organized the previous summer, and of which Burlington was the capital. The first legislative assembly of the new territory was then in session, in what was known as Old Zion Church. The first land sales were then taking place. There was stirring activity and excitement. The people were intent upon making homes and receiving their titles from the government. They believed that they were laying the foundations of what would some day become a great and prosperous state; but their minds never expatiated over such a realization as fifty years have brought.

Among the first settlers were men of Christian faith and devotion who planted the gospel upon these shores. Dr. Wm. R. Ross, who built some of the first cabins in 1833, who was the first postmaster of the town, told us in this place five years ago that the school and the church were founded in 1834. He was a man of public spirit, of unbounded generosity, a warm-hearted Methodist. He was the right-hand man of the teacher and the preacher. One of his cabins furnished the first school house. He built "Old Zion" Church, which was free for every order to preach in." His work survives not only in the large and flourishing Methodist Church, that has grown out of his labors, but also in all the churches and schools that have been built from that day to this. His work joins with theirs in pledging and binding our city to the sacred cause of education, and to the Christian religion. They are all as living stones, built into a spiritual house in that measure of intelligence and virtue and piety, which marks us as a

people, and which in each and every part rests upon the one Christian foundation. * * *

This church was born of the spirit of Christian co-operation, that led good men of a former generation to merge doctrinal and denominational differences in a larger charity, and absorb points of variance in a unity of the spirit and in the bonds of peace. At the very time this part of the country was reclaimed from the savage, and was thrown open to civilization as the consequent of the Black Hawk War of 1832, there were students in Yale College, who were considering what mission was awaiting them in life, and what work there was for them to do in the Christian ministry. In the class of 1834 there were two students who became ministers of the gospel in Iowa, James A. Clark and Reuben Gaylord. Another member of the same class, William H. Starr, studied the profession of law, and settled in this city, and was one of the founders of this church. It is interesting to trace the connections of our history with one of the great seats of learning in our country—to see how the select Christian influences that have been centered there for two centuries have flown out in blessings to portions of the land far remote. The enlargement of mind which such a college gives to young men inspires them with high aims and noble ambitions.

In addition to Mr. Starr and his wife, who were both natives of Connecticut, Mr. and Mrs. James G. Edwards occupied a chief place among the founders of this church. Mr. Edwards was a native of Boston and cherished with a religious fervor its traditions of the school and the church. With these four persons eight others joined in forming this church, making the whole number twelve, of whom five were gentlemen and seven ladies. They met in a building on Court street at the northwest corner of Main, then occupied by a school, and were joined together under the ministry of the Rev. J. A. Clark, as living stones upon the foundation of apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ being the chief corner stone.

Mr. Clark had come to the west the previous summer as a missionary of the American Home Missionary Society, and was then stationed at Fort Madison. He was invited to remove to Burlington, but was already making a home in Fort Madison, and preferred to continue there. For several years the church enjoyed the ministrations of the gospel only at irregular intervals by missionaries of the American Home Missionary Society, who were laboring in the territory; mainly, in addition to Mr. Clark, by Rev. Asa Turner, Rev. R. Gaylord, Rev. W. C. Rankin. The Rev. John M. Boal, from Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, came here in 1842, and labored a few months. The meetings were held in private houses, or in small halls over stores. Early in 1843 the ground we now occupy was purchased, the foundations of a church building were laid that summer, about which time the Rev. Aaron Dutton, who had studied theology with President Dwight, and was pastor at Guilford, Connecticut, for thirty-five years, came to Iowa under a commission from the American Home Missionary Society and visited Burlington; but sickness compelled him to return to Connecticut.

On the 23d of October, 1843, a number of young clergymen arrived in this city, who had been students together in the Theological Institution at Andover, Massachusetts, where, as they looked out upon their own country and upon the world, the field to which the Divine Master seemed to point the way more plainly than to any other, in answer to many inquiries and to many prayers, was the Territory of Iowa. They came under the direction and at the expense of the American Home Missionary Society. Of this company the Rev. Horace Hutchinson was invited to remain here. The following is from his first quarterly report to the missionary society:

"I came here to remain about the first of November, though I preached here a few times before. Our congregations have nearly trebled since I came, as they had no regular preaching before. Our room is full in good weather, and more would

come if there was room. The audience is uniformly attentive. The church numbered eighteen members at the time of my coming. At the reorganization of the church under its present form (Congregational) others came; at our last communion six more united, making our present number thirty-two. Eight or ten more, we hope, will join us at our next communion, though prejudices of education may prevent some. Our Sabbath school numbers not far from one hundred scholars. Our Thursday evening prayer meeting is interesting and tolerably well attended, considering the circumstances of many of our members. We need a house of worship much. Our congregation would soon more than double if we had a good place of meeting. I feel sad when I write that we have had no revival since I came. I think there has been a steady progress, but there are some evils here which a revival alone can remove. These evils are such as arise naturally from the unsettled state of a new community, educated in different sections and under different influences. Hence there is a sad want of union among Christians which sadly weakens our power to do good."

The reorganization of the church was completed on the 28th of December, 1843, by the adoption of a new constitution, of which the following is an extract:

"WHEREAS, the subscribers having been known and recognized as the New School Constitutional Presbyterian Church of Burlington, Iowa, at a regularly called meeting, have freely and voluntarily agreed to change the form of government of said church, all the elders concurring therein, so that it shall hereafter be recognized and known as the Congregational Church of Burlington, do hereby bind themselves and their associates to be governed by the following

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I. This church shall be called the Congregational Church of Burlington.

ARTICLE II. Satisfactory evidence of Christian character

and assent to the confession of faith and covenant shall be the conditions of membership."

Only one of the members disapproved of the change at the time and declined to concur in it, but in after years approved of it and became a member of the church, and continued with us until removed by death.

After a faithful and devoted ministry of two years Mr. Hutchinson's health failed. Called to lay down the cherished work of his heart and to leave the field which he had assiduously cultivated and the friends which his kindness of heart and his noble qualities of mind had attached to him, and the beloved companion, who had left her New England home to share with him in the privations of a frontier missionary, it was not without a struggle that faith triumphed, and he bowed in resignation to the Holy Father's will. It was my privilege to be with him at the last, and to stand by his grave as his form vanished, "dust to dust." We had been companions together in sacred studies. I had seen his activity and muscular vigor on the ball ground and on the skating pond; we had joined together in the parting hymn of our class:

"Where through broad lands of green and gold
The western rivers roll their waves,
Before another year is told
We find our homes—perhaps our graves."

We had been companions in travel around the great lakes and over the prairies of Illinois to this place. and now he was called to lay down his work, and I was called from another field in the territory to leave the humble beginnings I had made there, and enter into his labors.

After long and painful struggles a House of Worship was erected upon this ground, in December, 1846, at a cost of \$6000. For two years later the church remained dependent upon the A. H. M. S., and received aid from its treasury. The whole amount expended by that society in the cultivation of this field was \$1480. The sum of \$800 was also collected by Deacon Shackford from Christian friends at the east to aid

in the building of the first house of worship. These facts of our early history may remind us of the affiliation of Christian sympathy and co-operation with our beginnings, on the part of those far away, which is interwoven with our work, and should also remind us that as in our feebleness and weakness we freely received, so also in our wealth and in our strength we should freely give to help others in the new and remote places that are in need.

Albert S. Shackford and James G. Edwards were our first deacons. Men of superior intelligence and deeply imbued with the Christian spirit, they were pillars of honor and strength to the congregation. Few young laymen acquire such maturity and consistency of character as Mr. Shackford possessed. I had known him when a boy in his New Hampshire home by the sea. Largely from his partial friendship, and in response to letters from his hand, I came to Burlington to preach. He was the superintendent of the Sunday School, and had introduced into its opening exercises the responsive reading of the scriptures, which continues to this day, and which is now generally adopted in all Sunday Schools. He carried into every department of Christian activity the sweet and gentle courtesy and kindness and the quick intelligence that were his uniform characteristics. But I was permitted to enjoy his sympathy, counsel and support for only a few months. He died at Auburn, New York, August 17, 1846, where he had stopped for rest, while on a trip to New England.

Mr. Edwards came west in 1829, and took an active part in the counsels and labors of those high-minded and philanthropic men who were associated in the settlement of Jacksonville, Illinois, and with those Yale men who founded Illinois College. Theron Baldwin, the founder of Monticello Seminary, and Dr. Sturtevant, for many years president of Illinois College, were his cherished friends. He removed here in 1838. He was the founder and for more than twelve years the editor of the *Hawk-Eye*. As a christian, he was a man of

firm religious convictions, warm in his affections, catholic in spirit, zealous in every good work. For two years, 1839-40, he was superintendent of a Union Sunday school, which was held in Old Zion Church, and he was subsequently superintendent of the Sunday school of this church for several years. The interests and honor of this church lay near his heart. It was the child of his unceasing toil and care. The stranger, the sick, the bereaved, the poor, the pastor, had in him a sympathizing and helpful friend. Generous, as men said, to a fault, no call of charity, no object of benevolence, appealed to him in vain. His home was hospitality itself, always graced with guests. Unless detained by sickness, his place was never vacant in the sanctuary or in the meeting for prayer.

Rev. Abner Leonard was a man of mark, prominent and honored among the early founders of this congregation, as in other walks of life. His mind was vigorous and independent. He was an intelligent farmer, a skillful horticulturist; his farm and garden and orchard stocked with the best of all the products of the earth. Preferring the simple principles of the Congregational order * * he gave his influence to setting up that order here, and became a member of the church bringing to its counsels dignity and discretion, and inspiring respect for its character and work. He too, was given to hospitality, and was a lover of good men and a liberal supporter of religious institutions and charities.

For twenty years, 1851-71, Deacon Ritchie served the church, and many were witnesses, and God also, how holily, and justly and unblamably he went in and out among us. In our years of feebleness and poverty he frequently served as trustee and as treasurer of the church and society, and, by painstaking and care, making a little go a good ways, by the prudence of his counsels and the uniform kindness of his spirit, largely contributed to our harmony and prosperity. Gifted in prayer, which he made a study, and ready to every good work, he kept in special sympathy with the poor and neglected, and often embraced opportunities to speak a word

for his master to the humblest and lowest. For many years, and with great heartiness, he acted as depositary of the County Bible Society, and helped in promoting the circulation of the Scriptures. Among his last services in the Sunday school was to teach a large class of colored refugees, who came here during the war. Scrupulously conscientious and just, he pursued the even tenor of his way with uniform courtesy and kindness, and was a fine example of that balance of character of which the Apostle speaks, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Amid many cares, and with habits of close attention to business, he preserved spirituality of mind, and never lost relish for acts of Christian duty, for works of charity, or for divine worship. Having filled out life with usefulness, he was borne to his grave as a shock of corn in its season with a bunch of ripened grain in his hand.

After the death of Deacon Shackford, David Leonard was chosen to the office of deacon. and in a life of eminent fidelity, consistency and devotion, sustained the honor of religion as a man of God, an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile. Though his home was at a distance of three miles from the church, no one was more regularly in his place in the sanctuary, or more steady and steadfast in every good work. Firm in his moral and religious convictions, they gave strength and elevation to his character, as they were finely symbolized in the superiority and dignity of his person. Sharing the pure tastes of his father in horticulture, he did his part in embellishing the land with the choicest varieties of trees and plants, to enrich the orchards and gardens and environ the homes of the people with beauty and protection. The summons came suddenly that called him into the joy of his Lord. It was the universal feeling that a Prince in Israel had fallen.

Deacon Moses Hill brought to us the strength and glory of the granite hills of New Hampshire, amid which he was born. His firm and resolute character, rooted in holy faith, blended with benignity and grace and a tender conscientiousness and a zeal for religion pure and undefiled, gave honor to the Chris-

tian profession, and justice, temperance, truth and love his inward piety approved.

Deacon Charles Hendrie brought to our Christian work the activity and energy that marked him in the industry and enterprise of a life full of labor and toil. Never sparing himself, a man of public spirit, zealous for progress and improvement in society and the nation, for the elevation of labor, and the advancement of both the temporal and the spiritual welfare of mankind, he was a living stone in our Christian foundations, true to the Divine Master, giving strength and support to every endeavor for the bettering of the world and the promotion of Christ's kingdom.

Deacon John Darling walked among us in simplicity and godly sincerity, an example of the Christian virtues, showing forth the lineaments of his Saviour in the daily beauty of a life hid with Christ in God, and unfolding in his conversation and conduct the excellent fruits of the holy spirit.

All these died in faith. They rest from their labors.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

* * *

To the cause of temperance, to the cause of public education and the common school, to the cause of our country and of human liberty the world over, to the work of our national salvation in the horrid times of the civil war, this church has given the best of its energies and strength. We have believed—it has been as an article of the Holy faith among us—that the great principles of our national life make us as a republic of God, that they came into the world with the advent of our Saviour, and are as really an outcome and expression of the Christian religion as any article in any creed that the Christian world has constructed or approved. Believing that godliness has promise of the life that now is, and making it our daily prayer for the coming of God's kingdom down from the

skies, that His will may be done in *earth* as it is in Heaven, we have accounted the purification of human society, the regeneration of nations, the moral and social reformation of the world, the advancement of social Christianity, an integral portion of our religious work, and have preached practical righteousness and the golden rule and human brotherhood as the common law of man's earthly life. * * * *

The ladies of the Church gave a public reception to the older members, and to other persons not of this congregation, on the 27th of November. A goodly number of septuagenarians and octogenarians were present, and received cordial salutations of respect and honor; also one lady in her ninetieth year, at whose wedding, in 1817, General William Henry Harrison was present. Portraits were exhibited of Mr. and Mrs. James G. Edwards, Rev. Abner Leonard, David Leonard, Charles W. Ritchie, Moses Hill, John Darling, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Jaggar, Thomas Hedge, E. D. Rand, Mrs. Catherine Nealy, Mrs. Eliza J. Foote, Mrs. John Buel, Mrs. Lydia Lorrain, Mrs. Stevens Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Sherfey, Mrs. Clark Dunham, Mrs. Enoch May, Mrs. Emily Jaggar, Mrs. Mary E. Palmer, "who have all gone into the world of light." The oldest living person whose photograph was exhibited is the Rev. William C. Rankin, now in his ninety-fourth year.

A STRAW HAT.

A CHRISTMAS OFFERING TO MRS. LUCY FLETCHER KEL-
LOGG, AGED 94, OF KEOKUK, IOWA.

By REV. O. CLUTE.

'Mong valued gifts from many friends,
Upon my mantel lies,
A Gypsy hat of plaited straw,
Of fairy shape and size.

And with the hat a cherished note:—
"This hat my mother sends,
On this, her ninety-fourth birth-day.
With greeting to her friends.

"Her aged fingers deftly wrought
To plait each yellow strand,
Each measured stitch that binds the
braids
She sewed with steady hand."

And so among my precious gifts
I prize this hat of straw,
And oft to friendly eyes I show
Its work without a flaw.

And often when the firelight flares
Its flashes on the walls,
Her peaceful face, her gentle voice,
This fragile hat recalls.

As 'mid these changing lights I sit
At twilight's lonesome hour,
This fairy hat o'er all my sense
Exerts a mystic power.

I spurn the trammels of the flesh,
To inner eye and ear,
Through subtler ethers visions fall,
And voices sweet and clear.

A distant home, a happy group,
Before my vision rise,
Where busy towns are clustered thick
Beneath New-England skies.

I see the children at their sports,
I hear a merry call,
And Lucy's shout amid the rout,
Is merriest of all.

Along the roads with asters fringed
Go happy groups to school;—
Their lessons learned they toe the
Such is the rigid rule. [mark:

In the long line fair Lucy stands,
Light gleaming in her face;
They read, they spell, the rules they
That govern verb and case. [tell.

As home they go the western sun
Its light around them pours;
Their waiting mothers welcome them,
At many open doors.

When supper's ended round the fire
In busy groups they draw,
'Mid merry jokes and stories old
To plait the yellow straw.

Young Lucy's voice is cheery there,
And dextrous are her hands,
As fast they bend the pliant straw
To braid the even strands.

Again as daylight fades away,
And fire more brightly glows,
This mystic hat o'er all my sense
Its might of magic throws.

Maid, mother, grandmother pass by,
Great-grandam now appears,
Upon whose placid brow there rest
Almost a hundred years.

I see a quaintly castled house,
 Along whose roomy halls,
 'Mid sound of many busy feet,
 Her gentle footstep falls;

A spacious room where floods of sun
 Through curtained windows spread,
 And round her, with angelic touch,
 A saintly halo shed.

Here loving hearts guide loving hands
 In constant works of love,
 For her whose peaceful life below
 Reflects the peace above.

A gray-haired son here daily reads
 The news from many lands;
 And while she lists her skillful touch
 Still braids the even strands.

And from the work her dainty skill
 Here wrought without a flaw,
 She sent with friendly words to me,
 Yon precious hat of straw.

O, aged friend, not long thy feet
 Shall walk with ours the way,
 Not long with ours thy voice shall
 God's blessing on the day. [ask

Not long to wisps of worthless straw
 Thy skillful touch shall lend
 A priceless worth, to those who get
 The gifts from thee, their friend.

For, all too soon, thy call will sound;
 "Come home, O welcome guest,
 Thy work is done, thy crown is won,
 Now enter into rest."

For us too soon, but not for thee!
 For in thy fearless eye,
 And softly shining on thy brow,
 The light of Faith doth lie.

Thou trustest that his perfect love,
 That made this world so fair,

Will joy provide for every child,
 With more than Father's care.

With faith like this thou canst not
 Thou liv'st in joy to-day; [fear.
 Thou'lt live in joy where'er thou art,
 For God is God alway!

Thou'lt walk His higher paths with
 Familiar to their ways; [feet
 Thou'lt hear with joy familiar words
 From friends of other days.

Thy deeds seem saintly work e'en
 Upon our ears doth fall [now;
 Thy gentle speech in tones as sweet
 As when the angels call.

Thou seem'st in truth a spirit here,
 And round thee seems to shine
 A light as from a brighter world,
 A radiance divine.

Perchance thy ear now hears the
 song
 Heard first on Christmas morn:
 "Peace on earth, good will to men;
 To-day the Christ is born."

We hail for thee this Christmas day:
 To thee we greetings bring,—
 That same sweet song of peace and
 Thou hear'st the angels sing. [love

"Glory to God!" thy friends below
 Unite in this glad song;
 "Peace on the earth, good will to
 Rejoin the risen throng. [men:"

When thou shalt join these risen
 friends,
 Who now so near thee draw,
 We'll prize for aye as work of thine,
 These priceless hats of straw.

IOWA CITY, IOWA,

Christmas, 1887,

A TRIBUTE TO THE 16TH IOWA.



HON. GILBERT B. PRAY, the present Clerk of the Supreme Court of Iowa, at the reunion of Crocker's Iowa Brigade at Davenport. September 21st and 22d, 1887, paid the following eloquent tribute to the 16th Iowa Volunteers of which he was himself a gallant soldier:

"General Belknap, to you or the members of Crocker's Brigade, it is needless to say a word of or for the 16th Iowa. You know them; you have tried their mettle and seen it tried. Your blood and theirs was mingled in the same soil. In all that makes a brotherhood of soldiers, they have joined you and been one with you. If there were none to hear save you, my comrades, it would be needless to address you, but to a very large number the war and its soldiers is a tradition or history. It seems to me like a passing dream, yet it is twenty-six years this month since the first of the companies that were mustered into the 16th regiment came into your city and were quartered here, forming the nucleus of what was supposed to be the last regiment Iowa would be called upon to furnish for the war; and oh, how fearful the boys were that they were going to be left; that the war would be over before they got to the front.

They were gathered here and mustered during the fall and winter of 1861 and 1862, seven as fine companies of men as ever gathered on a tented field or mustered into any service in any land. Two other companies were mustered at Keokuk, and the tenth at St. Louis, the three being the equal of the seven in every respect. Every company was a good one, every soldier was a good man, and of course the regiment was good—so good that the "Old War Governor" sent them to the field without a chaplain; and from beginning to end this regiment never had a chaplain, and, as was said by a waggish war correspondent at the time, had no need of one, for the following reasons:

First—Because it was a moral regiment, and the office would be a sinecure.

Second—Because the form of prayer was always either marching or fighting, and in this way they got sufficient exercise.

Third—Because the form of prayer adopted by the colonel was such that it could be said by any soldier in the regiment.

Fourth—There was only one deck of cards allowed in the regiment.

I know the fourth reason is correct, because, when on a former occasion I alluded to the Crocker Brigade as the “four of a kind” brigade, there was not a man in the 16th Iowa who knew what I meant.

As the child goes forth from the arms of the loving parents to perform a willing service, so went the boys of the 16th from the doors of their Iowa homes, willingly, gladly, into the service of an imperilled country, assuming all the risks of war, without a doubt, without a fear.

The regiment left your city and the state in March, 1862, and ere they returned for muster-out had made a record for themselves and for Iowa that was and is to-day untarnished, and that was and is unequalled, save by other Iowa troops.

That record is as long as the road from Pittsburg Landing to Washington, by way of Corinth, Iuka, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Kennesaw, Nickajack, Atlanta, Andersonville, Jonesborough, Raleigh and Richmond—a record that would of itself be a history of the war in the west. Every milestone on that long road is a monument of the valor of the 16th, a headstone at the grave of a departed hero.

In July of 1865, after this long and toilsome road had been traversed on foot, after these great battles had been fought and great victories won, after the last rebel had been disarmed, this regiment returned to your city, not in holiday attire; not on dress parade; not seeking plaudits or laurel wreaths, but oh, so glad to get back to dear old Iowa's soil again. It was then we were glad to see you people of Davenport, and the

kind little greetings you gave us then sunk deep into our hearts and have made us remember you kindly and desire to return, as we have.

The ranks of this regiment were then decimated and torn; many a friend of the old boys looked in vain for the faces of some who departed with it but were not of it then, save in spirit and memory.

Though it had had the names of over two thousand men upon its muster-rolls during the four years of service, it returned on that bright morning with but a trifle over four hundred.

Of those who returned not I cannot speak. No pen or tongue can do them justice. They have given their all to their country, to the good name and glory of their state; they were with God.

But of the living, if I may be permitted to speak of them, I can say, four hundred braver men, truer and manlier, never returned to honor a state or enrich its citizenship. Every man who could be worn out by toilsome and weary marches had been worn out. Every man who could be made to fall by the wayside by sickness or disease had long since fallen. Every man who could be made disheartened or whose spirit could be broken had long before been broken down. Every man who by the chances of war could be was wounded or killed; for this regiment had accepted every opportunity to meet its country's foe. They had represented you and their state in that highest type of citizenship—the volunteer soldier. No greater compliment can be paid them than that expressed by that greatest of volunteers, our lamented friend and comrade, General Logan: "They were ready in storm and in the sunlight; they were ready in the darkness or daylight. When orders came they marched, they moved, they fought, whether their guns were of the best quality or not; whether their clothing was adapted to their position or not; whether their food was all they would have it or not—was not the question with these men. The question was: Does our leader want us to go? And when must we move?"

These men marched through valleys, over hills and mountains, across rivers and through marshes. There was no question as to time and number of the enemy; but where is the foe—the foe of your country and theirs?

They returned, asking naught but permission to stand side by side with you in the duties of civil life and citizenship, asking naught but the privilege of bearing their strong arms and aiding in the struggle to repair the waste of war; aiding in building up an empire of peace within the domain of Iowa.

As the rain-drops on the great river become assimilated with and a part of it, so the volunteer soldier melted away and became part of and one with the citizenship of Iowa. As such you know and respect him to-day. Under the impulse given society by the return of so many earnest workers, Iowa has marched steadily forward on the old route-step of her volunteers.

Since that return twenty-two years have elapsed; the middle-aged man and matron who on that day watched for the return of a son are now old and decrepit. The young man and the maiden who welcomed the return of a lover, friend, or brother, are now in middle life; and the dancing, joyous, light-hearted girl who waved her little handkerchief in sheer delight at sight of the marching column is now in the full tide of maturity and womanhood, and the barefooted boys who crowded the curbstone and hurraed themselves hoarse, where are they? You will find them in all the toils of manhood. To them the war and the soldiers is a tradition. They have given place to a generation who must learn its story from history; for the good of the nation, may they learn its lesson well. No boy is expected to remain a boy except the boys in blue. As such you won lasting name and fame. No matter how old you get, in the hearts of this generous people "boys in blue" you will remain forever.

To-day the 16th is with you again. Many of you do not recognize them, but they are the same brave boys who returned to you twenty-two years ago. True, many of them

are now wearing the gray, but it is the gray that crowns a loyal life - a gray that comes to all, and brings respect from all; the gray mist that dims the eye, and frosts the hair, and denotes the passing away; the gray mist of that eternal morning; the gray that warns you to honor them with the tributes of to-day. It is a gray that has come there through age, hastened by the exposure of sleeping under the stars or standing guard amid snow and sleet. They are a little stooped and bent, and the eyes of all are dimmer than when, in days of yore, they sighted their guns. The limp of rheumatism plainly marks their steps as they keep time to the drum-beats to which they marched a quarter of a century ago. But in heart and spirit they are the same grand fellows who made so much history for this country to be proud of.

"Some day the air will echo to sweet music
Of drum and bugle-call and martial tread;
And with the flag draped o'er his pulseless bosom,
The gallant soldier will be cold and dead.

"And all the tributes heaped upon his bosom
Will fail to fill his heart with joy or pride.
But had he heard in life one-half your praises,
Or felt your fond caress, he had not died."

Davenport was and still is the home of many of this regiment. This but adds to the pleasure we have in coming to your city. Here resides that gallant and most meritorious officer, Colonel Sanders, one of the living idols of the regiment. We are delighted to visit him at his home. Here was the home of one who was not permitted to return with us, one who after winning the greatest renown that comes to a volunteer soldier, found rest from the turmoils of war in the peaceful serenity of a soldier's grave: one who at the hands of our greatest leader, the gallant McPherson, received the golden medal, voted by Congress to the bravest man of the 17th army corps; the one who of all the brave men of the 16th regiment, or of the Crocker Brigade, of all the gallant soldiers of the 17th army corps, was designated the bravest of the brave; his home was here, and here his memory is cherished

and the golden medal preserved to his honor. I refer to Lieutenant Samuel Duffin, of Co. K. 16th Iowa.

In honor of him and his memory, and in honor of the memory of all his brave comrades who fell in their country's battles, or have since fallen in the battle of life, the surviving members of the 16th regiment, and of Crocker's Brigade, the bonds of whose fraternity were cemented by the agonies of war, are glad to accept the hospitalities of the good people of Davenport.

WAR MEMORIES.



BY the favor of Gov. Kirkwood I was appointed Assistant Surgeon of the 11th Iowa Infantry Volunteers on the organization of that regiment. I joined it at Camp McClellan, the place of rendezvous, three miles above Davenport, on the Mississippi river bluff. The Colonel, A. H. Hare, lived at Muscatine, and had not yet joined. The Lieutenant Colonel, William Hall, was in command. Hall's home was in Davenport, where he had been a young attorney. He was about thirty years old, wore his dark hair, parted in the middle, long and streaming over his shoulders. He had a full dark beard and a pale intellectual face. He was kind-hearted, generous, gay with his friends, impulsive and brave. He had a fine mind, lodged in a small frail body. He labored under a chronic nervous disease, which made his legs unreliable. In walking, when he threw forward his foot to take a step, it was sure to go too far forward, or to one side, or perhaps backwards, while the other, when it came its turn to progress, would execute movements opposite and contrary. This unfortunate infirmity, which was temporarily benefited by stimulants, often occasioned him to be wrongly accused of intoxication when he was sober, and credited with sobriety when he was toned up with whiskey. The parents of Col. Hall's wife, Mr. and Mrs. Higgins, had an elegant and

hospitable home on one of the hills back of the city, and here, just before leaving camp McClellan for the south, Hall took all his officers one evening to tea. Our table zests are much enhanced by the recollection of delicious flavors relished when hungry youths, and the rich aroma of Mrs. Higgin's coffee has often lent for me a sweet flavor to bad decoctions of rye and Rio since that evening.

It was a cold snowy November day on which we left Davenport on a steamboat. The men murmured at being crowded on one boat and exposed to the weather, and Gov. Kirkwood being aboard he obtained additional transportation when we landed at Burlington, and half the regiment was transferred to another boat. We took aboard Col. Hare at Muscatine, and the Major, J. C. Abercrombie, at Burlington. The Major, who proved himself a very trusty and gallant soldier, had command of the battalion on the boat I was on. Soon after leaving Burlington supper was served on the boat, the cabin of which was assigned to the commissioned officers. At this hour a great many of the men reported themselves sick. I requested the steward of the boat in such cases to supply them with cabin fare and allow them beds in the state-room. Pretty soon the long dining table in the cabin was lined on either side with sick soldiers disposing of the cabin viands at a rapid rate. Abercrombie, who had had experience as a soldier in the Mexican war, took me aside, and told me those men at the table were evidently not sick, and that if I did not use more discrimination I would soon have the whole battalion in the cabin. After promising more care, I soon learned from the Major that he was familiar with the place of my residence, which he said he often had visited on business during the sessions here of the legislature, but, as I divined from the drift of his conversation, to pay his addresses to a young lady at the Crummy House.

Col. Hall's ill-health made his temper irritable at times. After the battle of Shiloh, in the slow march from Pittsburg Landing to Corinth, we were for some days encamped in a

dense swamp, devoted previously to our coming entirely to the uses of owls and ticks. One night Hall lay there in his tent unable to sleep. He had issued strict orders against noise in camp after taps. On this night the orders seemed to be ignored. *To hoo, to hoo*, sounded a voice, very distinct and very human, and to a nervous man could easily be transmuted to *Tough Hall, Tough Hall, to h-l, to h-l*, or anything else disrespectful. The Colonel¹ called the guard who was pacing in front of his tent, sent for the officer of the day, and had many *suspects* arrested. But the offender was not detected till dawn revealed the culprit roosting on a pine bough over the Colonel's tent, in the form and semblance of a screech owl. The Colonel accepted the apologies of the bird, who sent his regrets in a parting *to hoo, to hoo*, and Hall devoted his attention for some time afterwards to extricating himself from the toils of a huge tick.

It was during this short campaign that the "scratches" became so prevalent as to suggest to a casual visitor the idea that the regular old-fashioned itch was raging in the army as an epidemic. All soon became familiar with the pests which occasioned the discomfort. On one occasion when the camps of the 16th and the 11th joined, Surgeon Wm. Watson of the 11th, visited a friend in the 16th, to which I had by this time been transferred. He began to chafe his friends of the 16th with the prevalence of "grey-backs" and their large size in the 16th, claiming that the 11th was comparatively exempt from the nuisance. At this moment Capt. Alpheus Palmer of the 16th, by the light of our rail fire detected an enormous one crawling on the cape of Watson's overcoat. This so turned the jest against Watson that he shunned the camp of the 16th for sometime afterward.

It was about this time that the Government having authorized an additional assistant surgeon to each regiment, the new medical officers began to join their regiments. Dr. D. C. McNeal, of Clinton county, was appointed to the 16th. McNeal was a man of varied abilities. In addition to his profes-

sional qualifications, which were good, he had been a Methodist minister and an editor, and was an amateur actor, musician and ventriloquist. He wore a full beard and his goatee reached to his belt. Soon after he joined the 16th I made a visit to Chaplain Estabrook, of the 15th, and in the course of conversation remarked on the arrival of McNeal. Estabrook was a very social man, and distinguished himself in his brave ministrations to the wounded on the field during the battle of Shiloh. On this occasion he was sitting on a camp stool at an improvised table where he had been writing. At the mention of McNeal's name, he laid his face between his hands on the table, and I could see by the convulsive motions of his sides that he was indulging in a fit of silent laughter which he could not suppress. After a while he raised his head, and, gave me some account of McNeal's varied accomplishments, which I soon afterwards learned for myself.

It was while we were at Grand Junction, just previous to the beginning of the Central Mississippi campaign, that McNeal, tucking up his beard, changing his dress, and disguising his voice, deceived Capt. Turner, of the 16th, into the belief that he, McNeal, was Judge Thayer, then of Muscatine, but now editor of the *Clinton Age*, who was expected daily on a visit with others from Iowa. Turner was seated on a canvas stool, taking a hand in a game of old sledge, by the light of a tallow dip, on an inverted candle box, but was so completely deceived that he deserted the game, shook hands, and entered into conversation about home matters with the supposed judge.

It was before this, and while we were at Bolivar, that Col. Add. H. Sanders, of the 16th, now editor of the *Davenport Tribune*, who was near-sighted, mortified himself before a squad of comrades. We had just gone into a new camp, and the tents were pitched irregularly. Sanders had everything in his tent always in precise order. In this instance he came into Capt. Palmer's tent, supposing it to be his own, and flopped down on the cot, and began to give directions how

those present should conduct themselves while there. "I don't want you, captain," he began, "to smoke that strong pipe in here, nor you, doctor, to put your feet on that stool." Pretty soon some one intimated to the colonel that he was in the wrong pew, when he hastily beat a retreat.

Sanders, however, was not given to retreating before the enemy. He was brave to rashness, and if commissioned officers had been included in the competition for prizes for bravery, he would have given Sergeant Duffin a hard tussle for the gold medal. I recollect how disappointed he was after the battle of Iuka because he had not been wounded. Two weeks afterwards we had another battle at Corinth, where Sanders was more fortunate. The first day's fight was nearly over and Sanders was still unwounded, though wooing the enemy's lead. Finally, in desperation, he rode a long way in front of his regiment, as if to reconnoitre, and the coveted bullet came, carrying away a good-sized slab of flesh from the outside of his thigh. With all his bravery he dreaded pain, and while being taken to the rear expressed some anxiety to know whether the ball was lodged and would have to be cut out which proved unnecessary, as the missile, after laying bare his thigh bone, which glistened like a smooth quarter, had gone on, perhaps to kill another less lucky man.

DONATIONS TO THE IOWA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—LIBRARY.

From Historical Society of Pennsylvania,

Magazine of History and Biography, July.

From Miss Elizabeth Thompson, Stamford, Conn.,

"The High Caste Hindu Woman."

From Yale University,

Obituary Record of Graduates of Yale for the year ending
June, 1888.

Catalogue, 1888-9.

- From American Geographical Society, N. Y.,*
Bulletin for June, September and December.
- From J. P. Walton, Muscatine,*
Proceedings Old Settlers' Celebration of Iowa's Semi-Centennial, July 4, 1888.
- From Bureau of Statistics, Washington, D. C.,*
Quarterly Report, ending March 31.
Annual Report on the Foreign Commerce of the U. S.
- From New York Genealogical and Biographical Society,*
Record for July and January.
- From Publishers,*
"American Antiquarian," for July, September, November.
- From U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey Office,*
Report for 1886.
- From Smithsonian Institute,*
Smithsonian Report, 1885, Part 2.
- From N. E. Historic and Genealogical Society,*
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- From M. W. Davis,*
Fish Commissioner's Report, 72-3, 74-5, 75-6.
Twenty-six volumes Miscellaneous Works.
- From U. S. Fish Commissioner, Washington,*
Annual Reports, 77-8, 79-80, 81-3, 84-5.
Annual Bulletins, 6 volumes.
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- From Hon. T. S. Parvin,*
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- From Hon. Frank D. Jackson, Secretary of State,*
Laws passed at 22d General Assembly.
Twenty copies Supreme Court Reports.
Horticultural Report, 1887.
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- From F. D. Stone, Secretary, Philadelphia,*
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From John R. Schaeffer, Secretary.

Premium List State Fair, 1888.

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Annual Report, 1888.

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Four Pamphlets.

Sermons of all sorts. Bound.

From Boston Public Library,

Bulletin, Summer Number, 1888.

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Foreign Relations of the U. S., 1887.

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From T. H. Lewis, St. Paul, Minn.,

Seven Pamphlets on Archæology.

From New Jersey Historical Society,

Proceedings No. 1, of Vol. 10, 1888.

From Secretary Crocker's Iowa Brigade,

Proceedings of 4th Reunion, 1887.

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Proceedings, Vol. 1, Part 4, 1884-88.

From Prof. W. J. McGee,

Three Formations of the Middle Atlantic Slope.

From Dr. J. B. Kessler,

Two Pamphlets.

From University of California,

Register of the University, 1887-88.

Address at the Inauguration of Horace Davis.

Annual Report of Secretary of Board of Regents, 1888.

Report on Physical Training.

From Board of Education, New York City,

Higher Education a Public Duty.

From Essex Institute.

Historical Collections, October, November, December, 1887.

From the Author, Oscar W. Collet, St. Louis,

Notes on Parkman's "Conspiracy of Pontiac."

From Col. L. B. Marsh, Boston, Mass.

The Genealogy of John Marsh, of Salem, and his descendants.

From the American Antiquarian Society,

Proceedings of Society, April 25, 1888.

From Gen. W. W. Belknap. Washington, D. C.

An address by Gen. Edward F. Belknap, Col. 4th Iowa Vet. Cavalry at reunion, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, 1888.

Proceedings of the 19th Annual Reunion, Army of the Potomac.

The Inauguration of President Patton of Princeton College.

From School Board, Oskaloosa, Iowa,

Manual of the Public Schools of Oskaloosa.

From Department of the Interior.

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From Hon. Pliny Earle, Northampton, Mass.

"Ralph Earle and his Descendants."

From Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society,

Journal for September.

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Fifty Pamphlets.

From Dr. C. M. Hobby,

Cerebro Spinal Fever as a cause of Deafness.

From Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston,

Collections of Society, 1888.

- From Dr. Samuel A. Green, Boston,*
Trials of a Public Benefactor.
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Report of the Young Men's Christian Service, 1888.
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Proceedings on the Presentation of three Portraits to the
Peabody Normal College University.
Thirty-three Miscellaneous Pamphlets.
- From Commissioner of Labor, Washington, D. C.,*
His Third Annual Report.
- From Canadian Institute, Toronto,*
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- From Birchard Library, Fremont, Ohio,*
"The Loyal Girl of Winchester," 1864.
- From Georgia Historical Society, Savannah,*
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- From State Library, Harrisburg, Penn.,*
Nine volumes Reports.
- From Bureau of Education,*
Thos. Jefferson and the University of Virginia.
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- From Cayuga County Historical Society, Auburn, N. Y.,*
Collections of Society, No. 6.
- From the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore,*
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- From C. W. Donling, Utica, N. Y.,*
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- From American Catholic Historical Society, Philadelphia*
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- From Gov. Wm. Larrabee, Des Moines,*
Statutes of the United States passed at first session 50th
Congress.

RECENT DEATHS.

O. F. MAIN, born in Canandaigua, Ontario County, New York, but a resident of Iowa since 1855, died at his home in Marion, Linn County, August 7th, 1888, aged 58 years. He had been engaged in the Methodist ministry, and was prominent in the Masonic and other benevolent orders.

MAJOR WILLIS DRUMMOND, formerly conspicuous in Iowa politics, died at San Diego, California, January 19th, 1888. He was elected to the State Senate of Iowa in 1857, was editor of the *McGregor News*, and served with distinction in the war of 1861, and afterwards was Commissioner of the General Land Office during the administration of President Grant.

W. F. HUDSON, Assistant Disbursing Clerk of the Federal House of Representatives, died August 25th last, in Washington City. Mr. Hudson's residence had been in Iowa before his removal to Washington.

THE wife of Gen. George W. Jones, died on the 29th of last April. She was the daughter of Charles Cirrille Gregoire, a French political refugee of noble birth, who in 1795 married Miss Mary Meunier of Philadelphia. In 1808 Gregoire removed to St. Genevieve, Missouri, where he engaged in trade with the Indians, and where Mrs. Jones was born, June 7th, 1812, and where on her seventeenth birthday she married Gen. Jones. Gen. and Mrs. Jones had had their home in Dubuque or its vicinity since 1830. Mrs. Jones ornamented the various high positions held by her husband and well represented in Washington the social refinement of the west.

NOTES.

A NATIONAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY, has recently been formed at Washington City, with the Smithsonian Institute for its repository.

THE city of Boston, through an authorized committee, has determined to erect statues to the memory of Genls. Grant and Sheridan and Admiral Farragut.

The old settlers of Muscatine County celebrated Iowa's semi-centennial anniversary at Muscatine last Fourth of July. The principal speakers were Hon. J. P. Walton, Rev. A. B. Robbins, and Hon. Theodore S. Parvin.

HON. CHARLES B. RICHARDS, of Fort Dodge, is the owner of an autograph order of Gen. Washington, dated at Valley Forge, March 9, 1778, directing Capt. Caleb Gibbs to send Lieutenant Livingston and fifty men to Norristown as an escort to Messrs. Richards, Clymer and Potts, which has been in the possession of his family for more than a hundred years. The order, which is written on heavy unruled paper, is in a good state of preservation and little faded. Some time ago it was deposited in the State Library at Des Moines through Hon. Charles Aldrich.

AT the beginning of 1888 there were in the army thirty-five commissioned officers whose appointments were credited to Iowa. Of these two were in the medical department, one in the pay department, three in the corps of engineers, seven in the cavalry, three in the artillery, sixteen in the infantry, one post chaplain, and two on the retired list. Eleven of them served in the volunteers and one in the regular army during the war. The highest in rank are two colonels, Edward Hatch, who was captain, major, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel of the 2d Iowa Cavalry, and brigadier-general and brevet-major-general of volunteers, and who is now colonel of the 9th Cavalry, and next below the ranking colonel of the army, and Charles E. Compton, who was sergeant-major of the 1st Iowa Infantry, captain in the 11th Iowa Infantry, major of the 47th and lieutenant-colonel of the 53d U. S. Colored Infantry, and is now the colonel of the 4th Cavalry. Both these cavalry colonels went to the war from Muscatine, and by wounds and gallant service nobly earned their preferment.





*Sincerely, Yours,
Burton R. Shuman*